THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, Auguſt 24, 1801.

THE WOMAN OF FASHION.

A SKETCH.

[From Miſs Edgeworth's Belinda.]

OF all lives, mine has been the leaſt romantic. No love in it, but a great deal of hate. I was a rich heireſs.—I had, I believe, a hundred thouſand pounds, or more; and twice as many caprices.—I was handſome and witty—or, to ſpeak with that kind of circumlocution which is called humility, the world, the partial world, thought me a beauty, and a *bel-eſprit*. Having told you my fortune, need I add, that I, or it, had lovers in abundance—of all ſorts and degrees—not to reckon thoſe, it may be preſumed, who died of concealed paſſions for me. I had ſixteen declarations and propoſals in form—then what in the name of wonder, or of common ſenſe, which by the bye is the greateſt of wonders—what in the name of common ſenſe made me marry Lord Delacour?—Why, my dear, you—no, not *you*, but any girl who is not uſed to have a parcel of admirers, would think it the eaſieſt thing in the world to make her choice; but let her judge by what ſhe feels, when a dextrous mercer or linen-draper produces pretty thing after pretty thing—and this is ſo becoming, and this will wear for ever—as he ſwears; but then that's ſo faſhionable—the novice ſtands in a charming perplexity, and after examining, and doubting, and toſſing half the goods in the ſhop, its ten to one, when it begins to get late, the young lady, in a hurry, pitches upon the very ugliеſt and worſt thing that ſhe has ſeen. Juſt ſo it was with me and my lovers, and juſt ſo

"Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day."

I pitched upon Viſcount Delacour, for my lord and judge.

He had juſt at that time loſt at Newmarket more than he was worth, in every ſenſe of the word; and my fortune was the moſt convenient thing in the world to a man in his condition. Lozenges are of ſovereign uſe in ſome complaints. The heireſs lozenge is a ſpecific in ſome conſumptions. You are ſurpriſed that I can laugh and jeſt about ſuch a melancholy thing as my marriage with Lord Delacour; and ſo am I, eſpecially when I recollect all the circumſtances—for though I bragged of there being no love in my hiſtory, there was when I was a gooſe or a goſling of about eighteen—juſt your age, Belinda, I think ſomething very like love playing about my head, or my heart.—There was a certain Henry Percival, a Clarence Hervey of a man—no, he had ten times the ſenſe, begging your pardon, of Clarence Hervey—his misfortune, or mine, was that he had too much ſenſe—he was in love with me, but not with my faults; now I wiſely conſidering, that my faults were the greateſt part of me, inſiſted upon his being in love with my faults.—He wouldn't or couldn't—I ſaid wouldn't—he ſaid couldn't. I had been uſed to ſee the men about me, lick the duſt—for it was gold duſt—Percival made wry faces—Lord Delacour made none.—I pointed him out to Percival as an example—it was an example he would not follow—I was provoked, and I married, in hopes of provoking the man I loved.—The worſt of it was I did not provoke him as much as I expected. Six months afterward I heard of his marriage with a very amiable woman. I hate thoſe *very amiable women*—Poor Percival!—I ſhould have been a very happy woman, I fancy, if I had married you—for I believe you were the only man who ever really loved me—but all that is now over!

Where were we?—O, I married my Lord Delacour, knowing him to be a fool, and believing that, for this reaſon, I ſhould find no trouble in governing him. But what a fatal miſtake!—a fool, of all animals in the creation, is the moſt difficult to govern. We ſet out in the faſhionable world, with a mutual deſire to be as extravagant as poſſible—Strange, that with this ſimilarity of taſte, we could never agree! Strange, that this ſimilarity of taſte, was the courſe of our perpetual quarrels;—During the firſt year of our marriage, I had always the upper hand in theſe diſputes, and the laſt word; and I was content.—Stubborn as the brute was, I thought I ſhould in time break him in—From the ſpecimens you have ſeen, you may gueſs that I was even then a tolerable proficient in the dear art of *ſelf-juſtification*.

I had almoſt gained my point, juſt broken my lord's heart, when one fair morning, I unluckily told his man Champfort, that he knew no more how to cut hair than a ſheep-ſhearer. Champfort, who is conceit perſonified, took mortal offence at this; and the Devil, who is always at hand to turn anger into malice, put it into Champfort's head, to put it into my lord's head, that the

world

world thought—" My lady governed him."—My lord took fire. They ſay the torpedo, the coldeſt of all creatures, ſometimes gives out a ſpark—I ſuppoſe when electrified with anger—The next time that innocent I, inſiſted upon my Lord Delacour's doing, or not doing—I forget which—the moſt reaſonable thing in the world, my lord turns ſhort round, and anſwers—" My Lady Delacour, I am not a man to be governed by a wife."—And from that time to this, the words " I am not a man to be governed by a wife," have been written in his obſtinate face, as all the world who can read the human countenance may ſee—My dear, I laugh, but even in the midſt of laughter, there is ſadneſs—But you don't know what it is—I hope you never may—to have an obſtinate fool for your huſband.

I at firſt flattered myſelf, that my lord's was not an inveterate incurable malady, but from his obvious weakneſs, I might have ſeen that there was no hope; for caſes of obſtinacy are always dangerous in proportion to the weakneſs of the patient—My lord's caſe was deſperate. Kill or cure, was my humane or prudent maxim—I determined to try the poiſon of jealouſy, by way of an alternative—I had long kept it in petto as my ultimate remedy. I fixed upon a proper ſubject—a man with whom I thought that I could coquette to all eternity, without any danger to myſelf—a certain Colonel Lawleſs—as empty a coxcomb as you would wiſh to ſee.—The world, ſaid I to myſelf, can never be ſo abſurd as to ſuſpect Lady Delacour, with ſuch a man as this, though her lord may, and will, for nothing is too abſurd for him to believe. Half my theory proved juſt—that is ſaying a great deal for any theory.—My lord ſwallowed the remedy that I prepared for him, with an avidity, and a *bonhommie*, which it did me good to behold—my remedy operated beyond my moſt ſanguine expectations. The poor man was cured of his obſtinacy, and became ſtark mad with jealouſy. Then indeed I had ſome hopes of him; for a madman can be managed, a fool cannot. In a month's time, I made him quite docile. With a face longer than the weeping philoſopher's, he came to me one morning, and aſſured me, " he would do every thing that I pleaſed, provided I would conſult my own honour and his, and give up Colonel Lawleſs."

" Give up!"—I could hardly forbear laughing at the expreſſion—I replied, that as long as my lord treated me with becoming reſpect, I had never, in thought or deed, given him juſt cauſe of complaint; but that I was not a woman to be inſulted, or to be kept, as I had hitherto been, in leading-ſtrings, by a huſband.—My lord, flattered, as I meant he ſhould be, with the idea, that it was poſſible he ſhould be ſuſpected of keeping a wife in leading-ſtrings, fell to making proteſtations, " he hoped his future conduct would prove, &c."—Upon this hint, I gave the reins to my imagination, and full drive I went into a freſh career

of extravagance; if I was checked, it was *an inſult*, and I began directly to talk of *leading-ſtrings*. This ridiculous game I played, ſucceſsfully enough, for ſome time, till at length, though naturally ſlow at calculation, he actually diſcovered, that if we lived at the rate of twenty thouſand a year, and had only ten thouſand a year to ſpend, we ſhould in due time have nothing left. This notable diſcovery he communicated to me one morning, after a long preamble.

(To be continued.)

Some Account of the celebrated Cardinal Maury.

JEAN SIFFREIN MAURY, a celebrated French eccleſiaſtic, and cardinal of the Roman church, was born at Valeras, June 26, 1746, of a family which acquired conſiderable wealth by trade. Diſcovering a ſtrong taſte for the church, he received an education accordingly, and ſoon became diſtinguiſhed as an excellent preacher. His talents were ſo generally admired, eſpecially by perſons of the firſt diſtinction, that preferments flowed in upon him in abundance; and, at the commencement of the revolution, he was prior of Lyons and preacher to the king. The clergy of Peronne appointed him their deputy to the aſſembly of the eſtates in 1789, and in that ſituation he greatly diſtinguiſhed himſelf as an orator. In the chamber of the clergy he oppoſed vigorouſly the re-union of the orders; and when that meaſure was carried into effect, he quitted Verſailles, and went to Peronne, where he was arreſted, but was releaſed by order of the legiſlative body.

He afterwards returned to the National Aſſembly, where he diſplayed great powers of eloquence in defence of royalty, the privileges of the nobility, the rights of the clergy, and the whole ancient regimen of France. Amidſt all the wild uproar of political confuſion, and the violence of the populace, agitated by the revolutionary ſpirit, and having the moſt alarming and ſhocking ſcenes conſtantly exhibited before his eyes, the Abbé Maury preſerved his courage, and aſſerted his principles, without the leaſt reſerve, till the fury of the ſtorm could no longer be ſtemmed; and, therefore, he prudently withdrew into Italy, where the Pope gave him a biſhopric, and, in 1792, ſent him in quality of his nuncio to Frankfort, to aſſiſt at the coronation of the emperor.—Some time afterwards he was made archbiſhop of Nice, and, in February, 1794, he received a cardinal's hat.

The literary talents of the cardinal are equal to his powers as an orator, and he poſſeſſes a penetrating judgement, with a vivid imagination. His mind is firm and undaunted; and while he was a member of the National Aſſembly, the thunder of his eloquence

eloquence oftentimes ſtruck thoſe with confuſion who hated both him and his order.

He is author of a treatiſe on the eloquence of the pulpit, a ſubject which he has treated with the hand of a moſt ſkilful maſter, and, as one who excels himſelf in the art which he teaches. But, though his book cannot be read without material advantage by every theoretical ſtudent, it muſt be admitted that the ingenious author has evinced too great a partiality to the oratory and pulpit compoſitions of his own countrymen. To the Engliſh in particular he will ſcarcely allow any merit, and it will be ſeen that divines of the Proteſtant communion are all little in the eſtimation of his eminency. He appreciates the merits of our own moſt diſtinguiſhed writers with a critical ſeverity that ſhews either a mind warped by extreme prejudice, or one that is but ſlightly acquainted with the productions he condemns.

ITALIAN METHOD *of* RECKONING *the* HOURS.

[Extracted from a Traveller's Journal.]

A Practice generally beheld by foreigners in a falſe point of view, is the method obſerved by the Italians in counting the hours. It perplexes every new-comer; and, as the greateſt part of travellers every where chuſe to follow their own way, and to adhere to their own rules and cuſtoms; ſo it is natural for them to find it a hardſhip, if all at once a conſiderable portion of their actions are entirely diſlocated.

The German princes have already introduced into their Italian territories the method of counting the hours that prevails with us. The French dial, as it is called, which, to the comfort of foreigners, has long been placed on the Trinita di Monte, will ſoon point out to travellers, both within and without ſide St. Peter's, their cuſtomary hours. Our way of reckoning will therefore gradually become more common; though it will continue to meet with great oppoſition on the part of the populace; and certainly they loſe by it a proper national cuſtom, an hereditary mode of repreſentation, and an extremely ſuitable habit.

How often do we hear travellers praiſing the beautiful country, the happy climate, the clear blue ſky, the breathing gales, and the balmy air of Italy; and all this is for the moſt part true, and not exaggerated. But thence it follows, that all who can paſs their time in the open air, chuſe to do ſo, and enjoy in pleaſure or in buſineſs the genial breath of heaven. How many workmen of various kinds are employed in the ſtreets and highways? how many have ſhops quite open on all ſides? how many ſtand out with articles of trade in the markets, the ſquares,

and

and in the courts? That with ſuch a way of life, the moment when the ſun ſets and the night comes on, ſhould be more diſcriminate than with us, where it often happens that there is but little day-light the whole day long, is eaſily ſeen. The day is actually at an end; all buſineſs of a certain kind ſhould likewiſe be ended, and this point of time, as is fitting it ſhould with a ſenſible people, has the ſame mark from one end of the year to the other. It is now night [notte], for the twenty-fourth hour is never uſed in ſpeech, as in France they ſay noon [mi di], and not twelve o'clock. The bells ring, every one ſays a ſhort prayer, the ſervants light up the lamps, bring them into the room, and wiſh *felicisſima notte*.

From this epocha, which always returns at ſun-ſetting, till the next ſun-ſetting, the time is divided into twenty-four hours; and as every one now by long habit, knows as well when it is day, as in what hour noon and midnight fall: ſo all kinds of reckonings are preſently made, in which the Italians ſeem to find a pleaſure and a ſort of amuſement. There is a natural convenience in this way of counting the hours, in all affairs that have the ſmalleſt reference to day and night; and one eaſily perceives how time came to be thus divided by a large and ſenſible body of people.

Thus, we find all workſhops, ſchools, public offices, banks, open at all ſeaſons of the year, till night; and every perſon may tranſact his affairs till then. Has he leiſure time upon his hands, he may continue his promenades till ſun-ſet, then repair to certain circles, and concert with them the amuſements of the ſucceeding day. From half paſt one till two in the night, all flock to the theatres. And thus a man ſeems to live, from the firſt day of the year to the laſt, in the ſame time, becauſe he performs all that relates to day and night in the ſame ſucceſſion; without giving himſelf the ſmalleſt concern, whether, according to our mode of computation, it be early or late.

By this means, the great concourſe of paſſengers, both on foot and in carriages, which are ſeen in all the great towns in Italy, eſpecially on Sundays and holidays, in the principal ſtreets and ſquares; and thus at the Corſo of Rome, and at the Carnival, an enormous multitude of intractable people, by this mode of reckoning the hours, are guided and managed, as it were by a ſtring. Nay, by dividing day and night ſo diſtinctly from each other, certain bounds are ſet to luxury, which ſo readily confounds day and night together, and uſes the one for the purpoſes of the other.

I grant that the Italian might lead the ſame courſe of life, and yet compute the hours after our method; but the inſtance that ſeparates day and night, is to him, under his propitious ſky, the moſt important epoch of the day. It is even ſacred to him, as the church always enjoins the veſpers according to this point of

time. I took notice, both at Florence and Milan, that ſeveral perſons, though the public clocks are all marked with figures in the manner of our's, yet continued their watches and regulated their domeſtic œconomy in the old mode of computation. From all this, to which I might add a great deal more, it will be readily acknowledged, that this method of computing time, which, to aſtronomers, with whom noon is the moſt important point of the day, may appear contemptible, and to the northern ſtranger convenient, is yet very well calculated for a nation who live conformably to nature, under a happy temperature of climate, and would fix the main epochs of its time in the moſt determinate and ſtriking manner.

CHARACTER *of* LEONTIA PILATE.

EUROPE is indebted to Leontia Pilate, a learned man of the fourteenth century, for the firſt tranſlation of the works of Homer: This was only known to the celebrated Boccace, who aſſiſted him in the tranſlation. There ſcarce remains a trace of the name of the man, to whom the literary world is undoubtedly under ſome obligations. He was a Greek of Theſſalonica, and taught his native language at Florence.

The author of Decameron has drawn the following portrait of him—" His aſpect was hideous, his countenance was frightful, with a long beard, and black hair; ſeldom combed, always abſorbed in meditation, he neglected all thoſe little courteſies and attentions that render ſociety pleaſing. His perſon was of the roughest caſt, his manners ruſtic, and diſguſting; but to balance theſe defects, he was profoundly ſkilled in the language and literature of Greece; his head was ſtuffed with fables and Greek hiſtory: his knowledge of the Latin was very ſuperficial; he thought the knowledge of an original language did him more honour in a foreign ſoil: he ſpoke Greek in Italy, and Italian in Greece. He had paſſed many years in the ruins of the labyrinth of Crete. Notwithſtanding all the efforts of Boccace and Petrarch, to render Italy as agreeable as poſſible to a man of his wavering diſpoſition, he was obſtinately bent on returning to Greece; but he had ſcarce ſet his foot in it, when he wrote a letter, as long and as dirty as his beard, to Petrarch, in which having praiſed Italy to the ſkies, he ran out into a bitter invective againſt Conſtantinople: this letter was never anſwered. Having experienced many diſappointments in his native country, he embarked on board a veſſel bound for Venice; the ſhip had entered the Adriatic under a favourable breeze, when a tremendous ſtorm aroſe. Every perſon flew to the aid of the mariners. Our Greek, quite alarmed, tied himſelf to the maſt, which attracted the lightning; he expired in an inſtant. The ſight was awful;

he

he was the only perſon on board that ſuffered. The half-burned trunk was thrown into the ſea; and Petrarch, in giving an account of this melancholy cataſtrophe to Boccace, amongſt other things, ſays, "This unhappy man went out of the world, even more ſadly than he entered it. I do not believe that he enjoyed one day of mental ſerenity from his birth to his death: his very phyſiognomy ſeemed to announce his fate. I know not how it was that any poetical ſparks were able to penetrate into ſo gloomy a mind."

On the ORIGIN *of* DANCING.

THERE is no account of the origin of the practice of dancing among mankind. It is found to exiſt among all nations whatever, even the moſt rude and barbarous, and however much the aſſiſtance of art may be neceſſary to make any one perfect in the practice, the foundation muſt certainly lie in the mechaniſm of the human body itſelf. The connection that there is between certain ſounds, and thoſe motions of the human body, called dancing, hath ſeldom or ever been enquired into by philoſophers, though it is certainly a very curious ſpeculation. The power of certain ſounds, not only over the human ſpecies, but even over the inanimate creation, is indeed very ſurpriſing. It is well known, that the moſt ſolid walls, nay the very ground itſelf, will be found to ſhake at ſome particular notes in muſic. This ſtrongly indicates the preſence of ſome univerſally diffuſed and exceedingly elaſtic fluid, which is thrown into vibrations by the concuſſions of the atmoſphere upon it, produced by the motion of the ſounding body. If theſe concuſſions are ſo ſtrong as to make the large quantity of elaſtic fluid vibrate, that is diſperſed through a ſtone wall or a conſiderable portion of earth, it is no wonder they ſhould have the ſame effect upon that inviſible and exceedingly ſubtle matter that pervades, and ſeems to reſide in our nerves.

Some there are that have their nerves conſtructed in ſuch a manner, that they cannot be affected by the ſounds which affect others, and ſome ſcarce with any: while others have ſuch an irritability of the nerves in this caſe, that they cannot, without the greateſt difficulty, ſit or ſtand ſtill when they hear a favourite piece of muſic played.

It is conjectured by very eminent philoſophers, that all the ſenſations and paſſions to which we are ſubject, do immediately depend upon the vibrations excited in the nervous fluid above mentioned. Hence muſical ſounds have the greateſt power over thoſe people who are of a delicate ſenſible frame, and who have ſtrong paſſions. If it be true, therefore, that every paſſion in the human nature immediately depends upon a certain affection

of the nervous ſyſtem, or a certain motion or vibration in the nervous fluid, we ſhall immediately ſee the origin of the different dances among different nations. One kind of vibration, for inſtance, raiſes the paſſions of anger, pride, &c. which are indiſpenſibly neceſſary in warlike nations. The ſounds, for ſuch there are, capable of exciting a ſimilar vibration, would naturally conſtitute the martial muſic among ſuch nations, and dances conformable to it would be inſtituted. This appears to be the caſe, particularly among barbarous nations. Other vibrations of the nervous fluid produce the paſſions of love, joy, &c. and ſounds capable of exciting theſe particular vibrations will immediately be formed into muſic for dances of another kind.

As barbarous people are obſerved to have the ſtrongeſt paſſions, ſo they are obſerved to be the moſt eaſily affected by ſounds, and the moſt addicted to dancing. Sounds to us the moſt diſagreeable, the drumming with ſticks upon an empty caſk, or the noiſe made by blowing into reeds incapable of yielding one muſical note tolerable to us, is agreeable muſic to them. Mr. Gallini ſays, "The ſpirit of dancing prevails almoſt beyond imagination among both men and women in moſt parts of Africa. It is even more than inſtinct, it is a rage in ſome countries in that part of the globe.—Upon the Gold Coaſt eſpecially, the inhabitants of it are ſo paſſionately fond of it, that in the midſt of their hardeſt labour, if they hear a perſon ſing, or any muſical inſtrument played, they cannot reſtrain from dancing. There are well atteſted ſtories of ſome negroes flinging themſelves at the feet of an European, playing on a fiddle, intreating him to deſiſt, unleſs he had a mind to tire him to death: it being impoſſible for them to ceaſe dancing while he continued playing. The ſame thing is found to take place in America, though, as the inhabitants of that continent are found to be of a more fierce and barbarous nature than the African nations, their dances are ſtill more uncouth and barbarous than thoſe of the negroes." "In Mexico," ſays Gallini, "they have alſo their dances and muſic, but in the moſt uncouth and barbarous ſtyle. For their ſymphony, they have wooden drums, ſomething in the form of a kettle-drum, with a kind of pipe or flagelet, made of a hollow cane or reed, but very grating to an European ear. It is obſerved, they love every thing that makes a noiſe, how diſagreeable ſoever the ſound is. They will alſo hum over ſomething like a tune when they dance thirty or forty in a circle, ſtretching out their hands, and laying them on each others ſhoulders. They ſtamp and jump, and uſe the moſt antic geſtures for ſeveral hours, till they are heartily weary. And one or two of the company ſometimes ſtep out of the rings to make ſport for the reſt, by ſhewing feats of activity, throwing their lances up

into the air, catching them again, bending backward, and ſpringing forward with great agility.

The origin of dancing among the Greeks was moſt certainly the ſame as among all other nations. They reduced dancing into a kind of regular ſyſtem: and had dances proper for exciting, by means of the ſympathy above mentioned, any paſſions whatever in the minds of the beholders. In this way they are ſaid to have proceeded very great lengths, to us abſolutely incredible. At Athens, it is ſaid, that the dance of the euminides or furies on the theatre had ſo expreſſive a character as to ſtrike the ſpectators with irreſiſtible terror: men grown old in the profeſſion of arms trembled; the multitude ran out; women with child miſcarried; people imagined they ſaw in earneſt theſe terrible deities commiſſioned with the vengeance of heaven to purſue and puniſh crimes upon earth.

The Greeks had martial dances, which they reckoned to be very uſeful for keeping up the warlike ſpirit of their youth: but the Romans, though equally warlike with the Greeks, never had any thing of the kind. This probably may be owing to the want of that romantic turn for which the Greeks were ſo remarkable. The Romans had no heroes among them, ſuch as Hercules, Achilles, or Ajax: nor does the whole Roman hiſtory furniſh an example of a general that made war after the manner of Alexander the Great. Though their ſoldiers were as valiant as ever the Greeks could pretend to be, the object with them was the honour of the republic, and not their own perſonal praiſe. Hence, there was leſs fury, and much more cool and deliberate valour exerciſed by the Romans, than any other nation whatever. The paſſions of pride, reſentment, obſtinacy, &c. were excited in them, not by the mechanical means of muſic and dancing, but by being taught that it was their chief honour to fight for the republic. It does not however, appear, that the Romans were at all leſs capable of being affected in this mechanical manner than the Greeks. When dancing was once introduced, it had the very ſame effect at Rome as at Athens.

Among the Jews, dancing ſeems to have made a part of the religious worſhip on ſome occaſions, as we learn from ſome paſſages in the Pſalms, though we do not find either that or ſinging poſitively enjoined as a divine precept. In the Chriſtian churches mentioned in the New Teſtament, there is no account of dancing being introduced as an act of worſhip, though it is certain that it was uſed as ſuch in after ages. Mr. Gallini tells us, that at Leinoges, not long ago, the people uſed to dance the round in the choir of the church which is under the invocation of their patron ſaint; and at the end of each of each pſalm, inſtead of the "Gloria Patri," they ſung as follows. "St. Marcel, pray for us, and we will dance in honour of you." Though dancing would now be looked upon as the higheſt degree of

of prophanation in a religious aſſembly, yet it is certain, that dancing, conſidered as an expreſſion of joy, is no more a prophanation than ſinging, or than ſimple ſpeaking. We have alſo the example of David dancing before the ark; but undoubtedly ſuch a practice is not conſiſtent with the Chriſtian diſpenſation.

Among the ancients there were no feſtivals nor religious aſſemblies but what were accompanied with ſongs and dances. It is not held poſſible to celebrate any myſtery, or to be initiated without the intervention of theſe two arts. And they have deſcended to us, and have been improved to an aſtoniſhing degree of refinement in their reſpective branches. Dancing is an univerſal amuſement, but, unleſs on the ſtage, no more than an amuſement. There, however, it becomes a ſpecies of drama, in which a ſtory is told in action, often with a very extraordinary effect upon the mind and affections of the ſpectators. The hiſtory of ballets, and all that regards the mechanical part of the art, will be found amply detailed in Mr. Gallini's work, already quoted, and to which we refer the reader for further information.

Remarks on ſome Remains of Antiquity in America.

ALLUSIONS have often been made by travellers, and others, to ſome remains in America, which appeared to owe their original to a people more intimately acquainted with the arts of life, than the ſavage tribes which inhabited this continent on its firſt diſcovery by the Europeans, or than thoſe which are, at preſent, ſcattered through various parts of its extent. In a ſmall work, publiſhed in London, in 1787, entitled "Obſervations on ſome Parts of Natural Hiſtory: to which is prefixed an account of ſeveral remarkable Veſtiges of an ancient Date, which have been diſcovered in different Parts of America.—Part I. By Dr. Benjamin Smith Barton, of Philadelphia." The author has collected hints of Kalm, Carver, Filſon, and ſome other travellers, and writers; and has added a plan and deſcription of a regular work, which he ſuppoſes to have been a fortification, that has been diſcovered near the confluence of the rivers Ohio and Muſkingum. The remains deſcribed, or alluded to, in this publication, are characters, or ſingular marks, which were ſuppoſed by ſome Jeſuits who examined them, to be Tartarian; furrows, as if the land had been ploughed; a ſtone wall, mounds of earth, of different forms and ſizes; earthern walls and ditches, &c.

The mounds of earth are ſuppoſed by the author to have been deſigned for different purpoſes; the ſmaller ones are, evidently, tumuli, or repoſitories of the dead; and he thinks the larger ones, as that of Grave Creek (a branch of the Ohio); many of

which are to be ſeen in Mexico, and in other parts of America, were intended to ſerve as the baſes of the temples.

The moſt curious part of this little work is the deſcription, together with the plan, of the ſuppoſed fortification, above alluded to. It is ſituated on the eaſt ſide of the river Muſkingum, about half a mile above its junction with the river Ohio, nearly in the latitude of 39°. 21′. and about 170 miles below Fort Pitt, at the confluence of the rivers Alleghaney and Monſaungahela. The town, as it has been ſometimes called, is a large level, encompaſſed by walls of a tetragon form, occupying a piece of ground about a quarter of a mile ſquare. Theſe walls are from five to ten feet in height, and from twenty to forty feet in thickneſs. They are, at preſent, overgrown with vegetables of various kinds, and among others, with trees, ſome of which are of a very conſiderable diameter. Each ſide of the walls is divided by three chaſms, or openings, into four nearly equal parts: theſe chaſms are directly oppoſite to each other.—Within the walls there are three elevations; the largeſt of theſe is of an oblong form, 74 yards long, 44 yards broad, and ſix feet in height; the ſecond is nearly of a ſimilar form, 50 yards long and 40 broad; the third is alſo of an oblong mount, but much ſmaller. Beſides theſe three elevations, there is a ſmall circular mount, placed nearly in the centre of four ſmall caves; and a ſemi-circular parapet, which, it is not improbable, may have been deſigned to guard one of the chaſms or openings: this parapet has a ſmall mount. The author obſerves, that the three elevations "conſiderably reſemble ſome of the eminences which have been diſcovered near the river Miſſiſſippi," of which he has given an account in his publication.

The fortifications (for a diſtinction has been made between them and the town, but we cannot ſee with what great propriety) are nearly of the ſame form as the town. The walls have here, alſo, openings; and at each of theſe openings there is one or more of the ſmall circular mounts.

The pyramid is one of the moſt conſpicuous parts of theſe ſingular remains. It is of a circular form, 50 feet in height, 390 feet in circumference, and is ſurrounded with a ditch, five feet deep, and 15 feet wide: externally to the ditch there is a parapet, which is 759 feet in circumference. "The pyramid, as well as the eminences and walls, is now covered with graſſes and other kinds of vegetables." Beſides theſe, there are ſeveral other eminences, of which we do not think it neceſſary to take any notice, in this place.

The author's opinion concerning theſe remains is this: that they owe their original to "the Toltecas, or ſome other Mexican nation," and that theſe people were probably the deſcendants of the Danes. The firſt part of this conjecture appears not improbable, if we conſider the ſimilarity of the Mexican mounts

and

and fortifications, deſcribed by Torquemada, by the Abbe Clavigero, and by other authors, to thoſe of which our author has publiſhed an account; and, alſo, if we conſider the tradition of the Mexicans, that they came from the north-weſt, in which great numbers of theſe remains have been diſcovered. As to the ſecond part of this conjecture, we think it but feebly ſupported, although we are not ignorant that Grotius and other writers have endeavoured to prove, that the northern nations of Europe had, actually, ſome intercourſe with America, long before the time of Columbus.

MEMOIRS *of* MRS. MONTAGUE.

THIS celebrated lady was the relict of the late Edward Montague, Eſq. of Denton Caſtle, in Northumberland, grandſon to the firſt Earl of Sandwich, and daughter of Matthew Robinſon, Eſq. late of Weſt Layton, in Yorkſhire, and of Horton, in Kent. To the lower claſſes ſhe was particularly known for her benevolence to the poor chimney-ſweepers, whom ſhe annually entertained with roaſt-beef and plumb-pudding on May-day, on the lawn before her houſe in Portman-ſquare, a practice which it would be difficult to account for on any other principle than that of pure charity.

She was an excellent ſcholar, and poſſeſſed of a ſound judgment and excellent taſte. Her "Eſſay on the Writings and Genius of Shakeſpeare," in anſwer to the frivolous objections of Voltaire, muſt always rank with the beſt illuſtrations of the tranſcendant powers of our great Engliſh poets. It is not an elaborate expoſition of obſcure paſſages, but a comprehenſive ſurvey of the ſublimity of his genius, of his profound knowledge of human nature, and of the wonderful reſources of his imagination. This eſſay is, we believe, the only work of which Mrs. Montague publicly avowed herſelf to be the author; but it is well known that ſhe aſſiſted the firſt Lord Lyttelton in the compoſition of his "Dialogues of the Dead;" and ſome of the beſt of thoſe dialogues, by his lordſhip's own acknowledgment, were the effects of her pen. Lord Lyttelton was very much attached to her; and if he had been free from matrimonial connections, ſhe might have commanded his title and fortune. Mrs. Montague, however, it was imagined, was attached to Pulteney, the famous Earl of Bath. She accompanied this nobleman and his lady on a tour through Germany.

Mrs. Montague particularly excelled in epiſtolary compoſition; and her letters in point of learning, judgment, and elegance, far exceed thoſe of her nameſake, Lady Mary Wortley Montague, even ſuppoſing that the latter was really the author of the letters attributed to her, which, however, have long been known

known to be in a great meaſure fictitious. Mrs. Montague was a near relation of the celebrated Dr. Conyers Middleton, to whoſe care ſhe devolved in early life, and who ſuperintended her education with parental fondneſs. It is ſaid that ſhe made ſo early a diſplay of her tendency to literature, that ſhe had tranſcribed the whole of the Spectators before ſhe was eight years old. Incredible as this ſtory ſeems to be (and we confeſs it is among the moſt incredible) it has been atteſted by the beſt authority, and was always ſolemnly affirmed by the late Dr. Monſey, phyſician of Chelſea College, a particular friend of Dr. Middleton, and of Mrs. Montague.

The epiſtolary correſpondence that took place between Dr. Monſey and Mrs. Montague, during her tour in Germany, and indeed through the whole of an intercourſe for upward of thirty years, affords proofs of uncommon talents, original humour, and acute obſervation on both ſides. We ſincerely hope that theſe letters, or thoſe at leaſt of Mrs. Montague, will be ſubmitted to the world, as they are ſaid to contain nothing but what would tend to impreſs mankind with high reverence for her capacity, her attainments, and her virtues. In private life, ſhe was an example of liberal diſcretion and rational benevolence. Her eſtates, about 10,000l. a year, deſcend to her nephew.

Dr. Johnſon ſaid of Mrs. Montague, that "ſhe did not make a trade of her wit; but ſhe was a very extraordinary woman; ſhe had a conſtant ſtream of converſation, and it was always impregnated; it had always meaning."—Yet to ſhow what a different opinion our great critic could give of Mrs. Montague, when the fit was upon him, we ſhall tranſcribe the following paſſage from Boſwell's Life. "Mrs. Montague, a lady diſtinguiſhed for having written an Eſſay on Shakeſpeare, being mentioned,—Reynolds, (Sir Joſhua) "I think that eſſay does her honour." Johnſon, "Yes, Sir; it does *her* honour, but it would do nobody elſe honour. I have, indeed, not read it all. But when I take up the end of a web, and find it packthread, I do not expect, by looking further, to find embroidery. Sir, I will venture to ſay, there is not one ſentence of true criticiſm in her book." Garrick, "But, Sir, ſurely it ſhows how much Voltaire has miſtaken Shakeſpeare, which nobody elſe has done." Johnſon, "Sir, nobody elſe has thought it worth while. And what merit is there in that? You may as well praiſe a ſchoolmaſter for whipping a boy who has conſtrued ill, No, Sir, there is no real criticiſm in it: none ſhowing the beauty of thought, as formed on the workings of the human heart."—Such was one of thoſe opinions, into which Dr. Johnſon was ſometimes *goaded*, either by peeviſhneſs, or the importunity of his friends.

Mrs. Montague died Auguſt 25, 1800, at a very advanced age.

FUNERAL CUSTOMS *at* ALEPPO.

IN peruſing the Hiſtory of Aleppo, (the principal inhabitants of which are Turks) we find the following curious account of the manner of their funeral ceremonies:—

When a Turk dies, the women begin to ſhriek, and continue their clamorous lamentations till the body is buried; as ſoon as dead, they immediately waſh the corpſe, ſtop all its natural paſſages with cotton, and wrap it up in a cotton cloth; then lay it in a coffin; at the head is erected a ſhort ſtaff, on which is placed a head-dreſs ſhewing the ſex of the deceaſed; the bier is carried, in their turns, by almoſt all that happen to be preſent: the male relations follow it firſt, then the females, who ſhriek all the way to the moſque, where the imaum ſays a ſervice: the graves lie eaſt and weſt: they lay the head to the weſt, turning the body on the right ſide, that the face may lie toward Mecca: the grave is below the ſurface with flat ſtones, that the earth may not fall in upon the coffin; and the laſt words that are uſed by the imaum to the deceaſed, with great ſolemnity, are as follows:

"Oh man, from the earth thou waſt firſt created, and to the earth thou doſt now return, this grave being the firſt ſtep of thy progreſs to the manſions of the other world; if in thy actions thou haſt been virtuous, thou art abſolved by God; but if, on the contrary, thou haſt not been ſo, the mercy of God is greater than all things."

If Mahometans, who live under a diſpenſation ſo dark, as it reſpects the worſhip of God, poſſeſs ſuch exalted ideas of his benevolence, ſurely if Chriſtians in general were to embrace and proclaim ſentiments proportionably refined, he would ſoon appear to all around like the beauteous ſun in the orient ſky, yielding his genial beams through the chaotic mazes of expanding day, until, arrived at his meridian centre, when ſhades ſhall vaniſh, and all creation be acquainted with the effulgent efficacy of divine love.

PICK AND CHUSE.

AN honeſt peaſant ſettled in a ſmall village; where in a ſhort time he gained the good-will of all his neighbours. He had, however, the misfortune to loſe one of his beſt milch cows in the firſt year, which grieved him exceedingly; while his wife, who was an excellent manager, took it to heart ſo much, that ſhe abſolutely fell ſick, and died. The good man lamented the loſs of his helpmate with the moſt unaffected ſorrow, and remained for ſome months quite inconſolable. His neighbours now thought it their duty to reaſon him into reſignation. "My friend," ſaid one of them, "the wife you have loſt was really

an

an excellent woman, but ſtill you have a good remedy; you are a young and an honeſt man, and you will find no difficulty in procuring another. For my part," continued he, "I have three daughters, and ſhall be happy to call you ſon-in-law." Another, on this, offered him his ſiſter; and a third, his niece. "Good God," ſays the mourner, "what a ſtrange place this is, ſince a man who lives here had better loſe his wife than his cow! My wife is dead, and lo! you tell me I may pick and chuſe to ſupply her place: but when my poor cow died, nobody ever thought of offering me another."

EXTRAORDINARY CASE.

A Fine cart-horſe, nine years old, died a few days ſince, and as he appeared in good condition until his death, the carcaſe was opened to diſcover the cauſe; when, to the ſurpriſe of thoſe preſent at the inveſtigation, near the ſtomach was found a ſolid brown ſtone, which weighed full 11½lb. nearly the ſhape and ſize of a hatter's block. On further inſpection, another was taken out about 3lb. weight, and two others yet ſmaller. It is wonderful, how the beaſt could thrive, or even exiſt, with ſuch a ſubſtance and weight near the ventricle of digeſtion. The ſtones are preſerved as a veterinary curioſity.

A SAW IN A SINGULAR SITUATION.

A Carpenter on board a ſhip returning from the Weſt Indies, having loſt his ſaw, ſuſpected the captain's ſervant, a little Negro boy, of having ſtolen it. Mungo denied all knowledge of the affair, and in this doubtful way the matter remained, when the carpenter ſeeing the lad one day upon deck, exclaimed to a brother chip, "This d——d ſaw ſticks in my gizzard." The boy inſtantly ran to his maſter, and joyfully cried out, "Maſſa me glad, me glad, Maſſa! carpenman has find him ſaw."—"Ah, ha! and where did he find it?"—"Yes, Maſſa! indeed me tell no lie; he *ſay he found it in his gizzar.*"

AN UNEXPECTED RETORT.

A Little boy having been much praiſed for his quickneſs of reply, a gentleman preſent obſerved, that when children were keen in their youth, they were generally ſtupid and dull when they advanced in years, and *vice verſa*. "What a *very ſenſible boy*, Sir, muſt *you* have been, returned the child.

Short ACCOUNT *of* GENERAL COOTE.

THIS gentleman, at the age of fifteen, left his ſtudies at the college of Dublin to embrace a military life; he ſerved with high reputation in the whole American war, and was taken priſoner with Lord Cornwallis at the unfortunate convention of York-town. Early in the preſent war we find Brigadier-General Coote commanding the light brigade, which, under the preſent Lord (then Sir Charles) Grey, reduced the valuable Weſt India iſlands of Guadaloupe, Martinique, St. Lucia, St. Vincent's, Tobago, &c. &c. his admirable conduct was, during this arduous campaign, moſt highly applauded.

On the appearance of the French in Bantry Bay in 1796, General Coote, fortunately for his country, held the command of the ſouthern diſtrict; his conduct at that time is within our own knowledge and recollection, and the Britiſh empire cannot forget that to that conduct it was owing that the ſpirit of ſedition which actuated the ſouthern peaſantry was not only awed into tranquillity, but even aſſumed the appearance of the moſt ardent loyalty.

After this ſignal ſervice, General Coote was appointed to command at Dover, from whence he volunteered in the expedition to Oſtend; in which, having effected the great purpoſe of deſtroying the communications by water between France and Holland, he was, by the accident of a change of wind, taken priſoner. When exchanged, General Coote was again appointed to a command at Dover, which he once more ſurrendered in order to obey the call of honour, when choſen to ſerve under Sir Ralph Abercromby.

Anſwer, by J. B. Chivers, to Mathematicus's Queſtion, inſerted September 1, 1801.

PUT x = the leſſer diameter; then $\frac{7x}{3}$ = the greater: put alſo z = the depth, and $m = 7854$; then per Euclid 47.1. $z^2 + \frac{25x^2}{9} = a^2$, and per queſtion we have $741\ x^2 m.z \div 27 =$ a maximum: Now find x^2 in the firſt equation, and ſubſtitute it for its equal in the maximum, and we get $za^2 - z^3 =$ maximum; which being put into fluxions, and properly reduced, z will be found $= 28,8$; therefore the depth is 28,8; greater diameter, 56,9; and the leſſer diameter 24,4, the dimenſions of the fruſtrum required.—Q. E. D.

Anſwer, by L. H. of Exeter, to R. Thomas's Charade, inſerted June 29.

WAS I to chooſe a birth, d'ye ſee,
A BOAT-SWAIN I ſhould like to be.

*** Similar anſwers have been received from T. Webber, jun. of Tiverton; H. Humphreys, J. Squance, W. Harris, jun. and P. Gove, of Exeter; Serjeant Towning, of the Fifehead Volunteers; P. X. Y. G. Badcock, of the Mouſehole Volunteers; W. Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton; and J. Whittle, of Upway.

Anſwer, by E. Penny, of Aſhburton, to M. L's Rebus, inſerted July 6.

A *Jar* for fruit I think will ſuit;
What's paſt is *Gone*, 'tis plain;
Expunge the *E*, and then, I ſay,
JARGON is what you mean.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from L. H. J. Squance, Thomas Whicker, and Henry Humphries, of Exeter; A. L. of Poole; Serjeant Towning, of the Fivehead Volunteers; W. Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton; F. Carter, jun. of Launceſton; J. R. Toulmin; S. B. and W. Chudleigh, of Newton Buſhel.

A CHARADE, *by W. Bickham, Jun. of Aſhburton.*

WHEN my firſt, from pole to pole,
Shines with undiminiſh'd ray,
And illumes this earthly ball,
Which revolveth every day.
From the beauteous eaſtern ſkies
She begins her morning tour;
O'er my next the ſhadow flies,
And revolveth every hour.
You my uſeful whole may ſcan,
In this hyperborean clime;
'Tis a well concerted plan
To regulate the courſe of time.

A REBUS, *by W. Harris, Jun. of Exeter.*

YE wits of renown, pray attend to my lore,
A dwelling-place firſt you muſt ſtrive to explore;
Then a part of yourſelf, with preciſion, you'll trace,
Which you'll find to be nearly allied to the face;
A favour next mention, which Heaven doth beſtow,
Tho' 'tis ſometimes the cauſe both of ſorrow and woe:
An hero, in this combination, you'll view,
Whoſe ſkill hath increas'd Britain's glory.—Adieu!

A REBUS, *by W. Chudleigh, of Newton Buſhel.*

A Famous centaur firſt ſelect;
The Delphic ſibyl recollect;
A king of Pontus now explain,
Who was by Oxylochus ſlain;
Antenor's ſon next ſcrutinize;
A prieſt of Bacchus laſt deviſe:
Join th' initials, then you'll ſee
An iſle of great celebrity.

POETRY.

The WHEAT-EAR, *and the* FARMER's BOY.
By R. BLOOMFIELD.

SHUT up from broad rank blades that droop below,
The nodding wheat-ear forms a graceful bow;
With milky kernels ſtarting, full weigh'd down,
Ere yet the ſun hath ting'd its head with brown.
Whilſt thouſands in a flock for ever gay,
Loud chirping ſparrows welcome in the day;
And from the mazes of the leafy thorn,
Drop one by one upon the bending corn.
Giles with a pole aſſails their cloſe retreats,
And round the graſs-grown dewy border beats;
On either ſide, compleatly overſpread,
Here branches bend, there corn o'ertops his head:
Green covert hail! for thro' the varying year,
No towns ſo ſweet, no ſcene to him ſo dear.
Here wiſdom's placid eye delighted ſees
His frequent intervals of lonely eaſe;
And with one ray his infant ſoul inſpires,
Juſt kindling there her never dying fires;
Where ſolitude derives peculiar charms,
And heav'n-directed thoughts his boſom warms.
Juſt where the parting bough, light ſhadows play,
Scarce in the ſhade, nor in the ſcorching day;
Stretch'd on the turf, he lies, a purpled bed,
Where ſwarming inſects creep around his head.
The ſmall duſt-colour'd beetle climbs with pain,
O'er the ſmooth plantain-leaf, a ſpacious plain,
Thence higher ſtill, by countleſs ſteps convey'd,
He gains the ſummit of a ſhiv'ring blade,
And ſlirts his filmy wings, and looks around,
Exulting in his diſtance from the ground
The tender ſpeckled moth here dancing ſeen,
The vaulting graſshopper of gloſſy green;
And all prolific ſummer's ſporting train,
Their little lives by various pow'rs ſuſtain.
But what can unaſſiſted viſion do?
What but recoil where moſt it would purſue;
His patient gaze but finiſh with a ſigh,
When muſic waking ſpeaks the ſky lark nigh.
Juſt ſtarting from the corn ſhe cheerly ſings,
And truſts, with conſcious pride, her downy wings,
Still louder breathes, and in the face of day
Mounts up, and calls on Giles to mark her way.
Cloſe to his eyes his hat he inſtant bends,
And forms a friendly teleſcope, that lends
Juſt aid enough to dull the glaring light,
And place the wandering bird before his ſight;
Yet oft beneath a cloud ſhe ſweeps along,
Loſt for a while, yet pours her varied ſong.
He views the ſpot, and as the cloud moves by,
Again ſhe ſtretches up the clear blue ſky;
Her form, her motion, undiſtinguiſh'd quite,
Save when ſhe wheels direct from ſhade to light,

The

The flutt'ring songſtreſs a mere ſpeck became;
Like fancy's bubbles floating in a dream,
He ſees her yet, but yielding to repoſe,
Unwittingly his jaded eyelids cloſe.
Delicious ſleep! From ſleep who could forbear,
With no more guilt than Giles, and no more care?
Peace o'er his ſlumber waves her guardian wing,
Nor conſcience once diſturbs him with a ſting;
He wakes refreſh'd from ev'ry trivial pain,
And takes his pole and bruſhes round again.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

An ADDRESS *to* CONSTANCY.

COME heav'nly nymph, and let thy bounteous hand
Bedeck my path with flow'rs of lively hue;
Whoſe aromatic leaves breathe more perfumes
Than India's ſhore—ſuch flow'rs as never fade;
But as they live become more beautiful.
If high exalted on the hill of fame,
Or plung'd in depths of woe, be thou my guide.
Tell me, O! tell me, whither ſhall I view
Thy endleſs charms? Say—on the ſea-beat ſhore,
Where the rough waves with ſullen fury daſh,
And oft retreat, but only to return?
Or where the fountain (a perpetual ſpring)
For ever riſes from the verdant dale,
And falls to form a ſtrange variety
Of pure meandering ſtreams? Or muſt I gaze
On yon vaſt orb that has for ages ſhone,
And ſtill with glory ſhines? Or trembling ſink
Deep in the thoughts of vaſt eternity?
Ah! wherefoe'er thou art, in Heaven or earth,
Approach with ſmiles, and place thy brilliant throne
Within the boſom of a faithful friend;
Then hope ſhall bloom afreſh; and black deſpair
Shrink like the night before the morning ſun.
Thy ſoft melodious voice ſhall ſoothe my woes,
And, like the warblings of the feather'd choir,
Borne on the zephyrs of the verdant grove,
Swell my ſad boſom with unthought of charms,
And teach me to adore thee more and more.

F. H.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

LINES *written the* MORNING *after a* STORM.

AH me! how chang'd is every vernal ſcene!
What dread deſtruction ſpreads the garden o'er!
Each tree, each ſhrub, once deck'd in lovely green,
Now droop their leaves, condemn'd to riſe no more.

Behold the ſweet, and once delightful flow'r,
Torn from its root, and blown with rage away,
That in the limit of a ſhort-liv'd hour,
Bloom'd like the ſpring—but only to decay.

In vain our hearts with pitying ſorrows bleed,
In vain the loſs of opening plants bemoan,
For men themſelves, who mourn the rueful deed,
Can ſcarcely call a ſingle hour their own.

CONSTANTIUS.